The wind ſits in the ſhoulder of your ſaile,
And you are ſtaied for, there my bleſſing with thee,
And theſe few precepts in thy memorie
Looke thou character, giue thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any vnproportion'd thought his act,
Be thou familiar, but by no meanes vulgar,
Thoſe friends thou haſt and their adoption tried,
Grapple them vnto thy ſoule with hoopes of ſteele,
But doe not dull thy palme with entertainment
Of each new hatcht vnfledgd courage; beware
Of entrance to a quarrell, but being in,
Bear't that th' opposer may beware of thee.
Giue euerie man thy eare, but few thy voice,
Take each mans cenſure, but reſerue thy iudgement,
Coſtly thy habit as thy purſe can buy,
But not expreſt in fancie; rich not gaudie,
For the apparell oft proclaimes the man:
And they in *France* of the beſt ranke and ſtate,
Are of a moſt ſelect and generous, chiefe in that:
Neither a borrower nor a lender boy,
For loue oft looſes both it ſelfe and friend,
And borrowing dulleth the edge of husbandry:
This aboue all, to thine owne ſelfe be true
And it muſt follow as the night the day
Thou canſt not then be falſe to any man:
Farewell my bleſſing ſeaſon this in thee.
Laer. Moſt humbly doe I take my leaue my Lord.
Pol. The time inueſts you, go, your ſeruants tend,
Laer. Farewell *Ophelia*, and remember well
What I haue ſaid to you.
Ophe. Tis in my memorie lockt
And you your ſelfe ſhall keepe the key of it.
Laer. Farewell. *Exit, Laertes.*
Pol. What iſt *Ophelia* he hath ſaid to you?
Ophe. So pleaſe you, ſomething touching the Lord *Hamlet.*
Pol. Marrie well bethought
Tis told me he hath very oft of late
Giuen priuate time to you, and you your ſelfe
Haue of your audience beene moſt free and bounteous,

If it be ſo, as ſo tis put on me,
And that in way of caution I muſt tell you,
You doe not vnderſtand your ſelfe ſo cleerely
As it behooues my daughter and your honour,
What is betweene you giue me vp the truth.
Ophe. He hath my Lord of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.
Pol. Affection, puh, you ſpeake like a greene girle,
Vnſifted in ſuch perillous circumſtance,
Doe you beleeue his tenders, as you call them?
Ophe. I doe not know my Lord what I ſhould thinke.
Pol. Marrie I will teach you, thinke your ſelfe a babie,
That you haue tane theſe tenders for true pay,
Which are not ſterling: tender your ſelfe more dearely
Or (not to cracke the wind of the poore phraſe)
Wrong it thus, youle tender me a foole.
Ophe. My Lord he hath importun'd me with loue
In honorable faſhion.
Pol. I, faſhion you may call it, goe to, goe to.
Ophe. And hath giuen countenance to his ſpeech
My Lord, with almoſt all the holy vowes of heauen.
Pol. I, ſpringes to catch Wood-cocks, I do know
When the bloud burnes, how prodigall the ſoule
Lends the tongue vowes, theſe blazes daughter
Giuing more light then heate, extinct in both
Euen in their promiſe, as it is a making
You muſt not tak't for fire: from this time
Be ſome thing ſcanter of your maiden preſence
Set your intreatments at a higher rate
Then a command to parle; for Lord *Hamlet*,
Beleeue ſo much in him, that he is young,
And with a larger teder may he walke
Then may be giuen you: in few *Ophelia*,
Doe not beleeue his vowes, for they are Brokers
Not of that die which their inueſtments ſhew
But meere implorators of vnholy ſuites,
Breathing like ſanctified and pious bonds
The better to beguile: this is for all,
I would not in plaine termes from this time forth